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INTERNATIONAL

club

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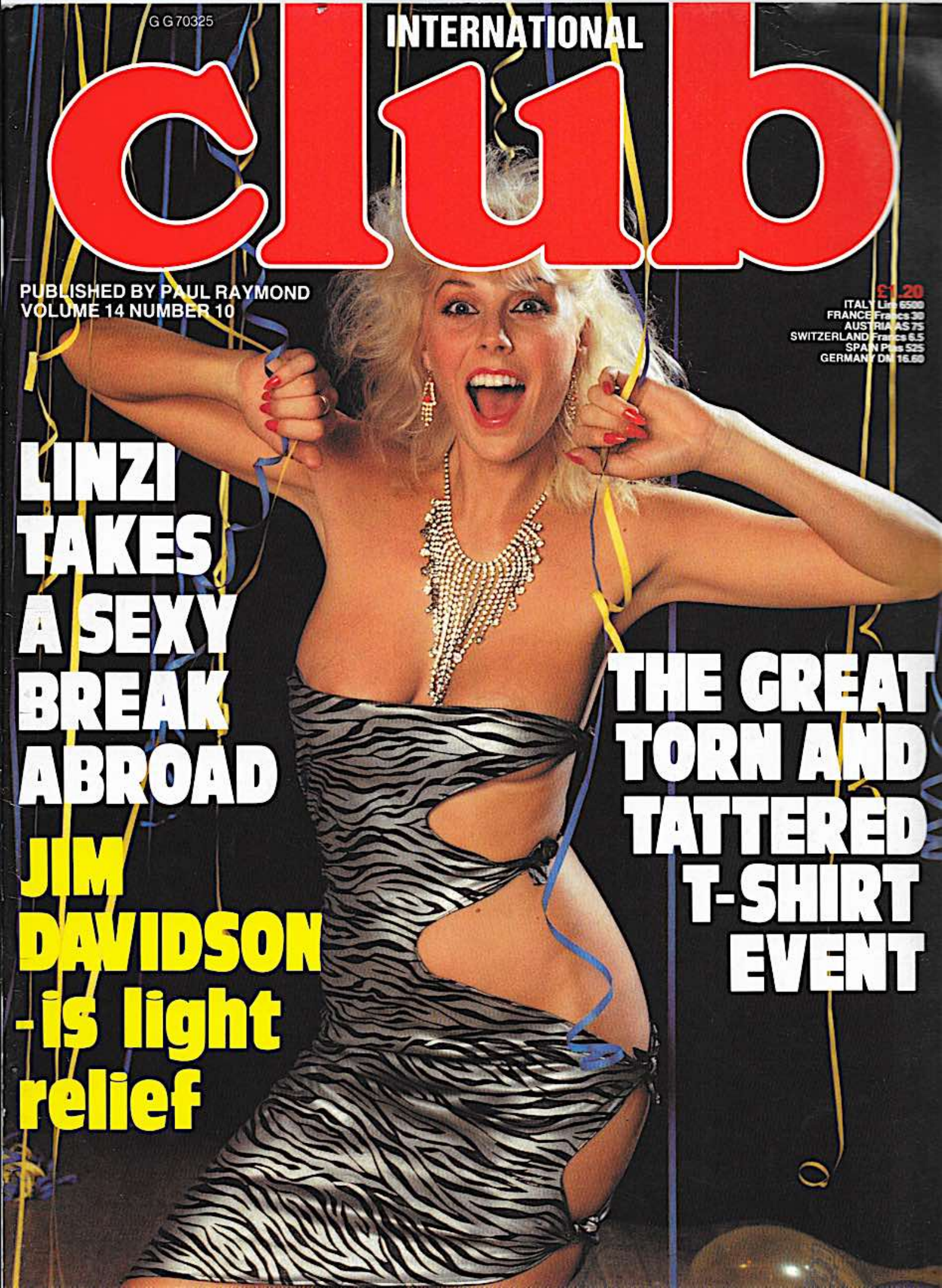
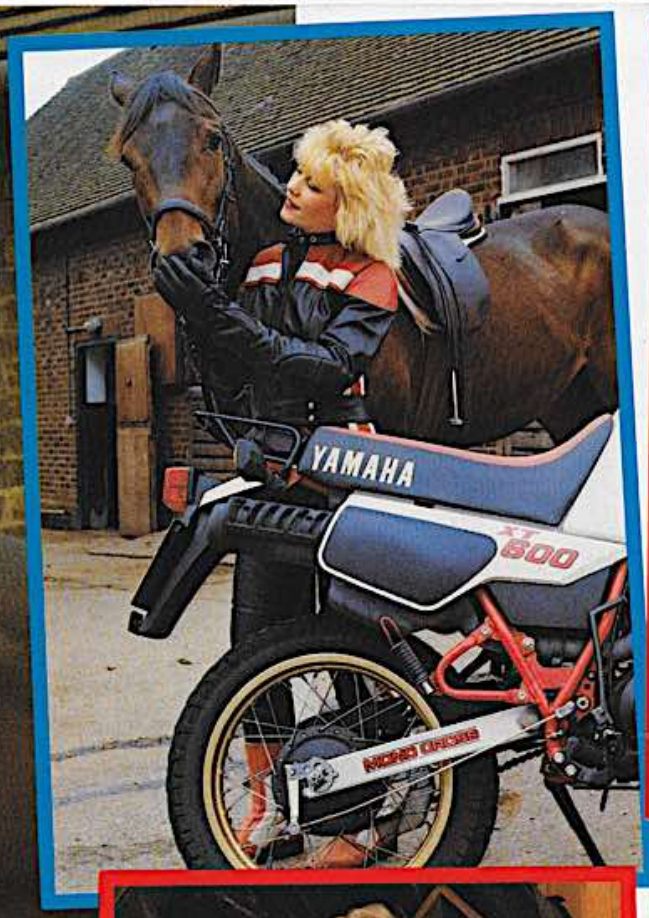


LINZI TAKES A SEXY BREAK ABROAD

JIM DAVIDSON - is light relief

THE GREAT TORN AND TATTERED T-SHIRT EVENT

ABIGAIL



After a good ride on the back of a horse, it's back to the stable changing rooms (right) to slip into something cooler.

to go!

there's just no hiding it!

I found out that the reason for the Ténéré's existence – and the big tank – is because of the annual Paris–Dakar desert race (*that's the one which Mark Thatcher got lost in a few years back! – Ed.*). As well as cars and four-wheel drive trucks, many bikes take part, and they need enormous petrol tanks to cover as much of the desert as

club Biker

Here I am getting into some real bareback, in fact, bare everything, riding. I soon found out this way that the Ténéré's got plenty of grunt.

possible – no 24-hour service stations in the Sahara, you know! So Yamaha are marketing the Ténéré as a Paris–Dakar replica.

But don't go buying one with the intention of taking part in the event next year. Bullying photographer Dave Antony forced me to take the bike off-road for the picture session, and it proved to be a real handful. The track we were on was laden with mud after heavy overnight rain, and the tyres soon lost their grip after they clogged up. It was a case of slipping the clutch in first gear and paddling gingerly with both feet. Weighing in at just over 303 pounds, it's a bloody light road bike, but too heavy for that sort of going.

Had it been dry, the Ténéré would probably have coped, but anyone interested in riding off-road anywhere other than along an old railway track had better steer clear of this one – and all the 600cc trail bikes, in fact.

Riding Horseback

Actually, they could do a lot worse than do their riding on horseback. I'm a mad-keen horse rider as well, and I can safely say that mud doesn't bother them. When I called into my local stables to visit all my mates (two- and four-legged!) before going on to the rough on the Ténéré, they were charging up and down the same forest track without needing to slip the clutch!

But the Ténéré makes a brilliant road bike, and, as Debbie pointed out in her test of the Kawasaki KLR 600 in Vol 13 No 12, most trail bikes spend all their time on the road, anyway.

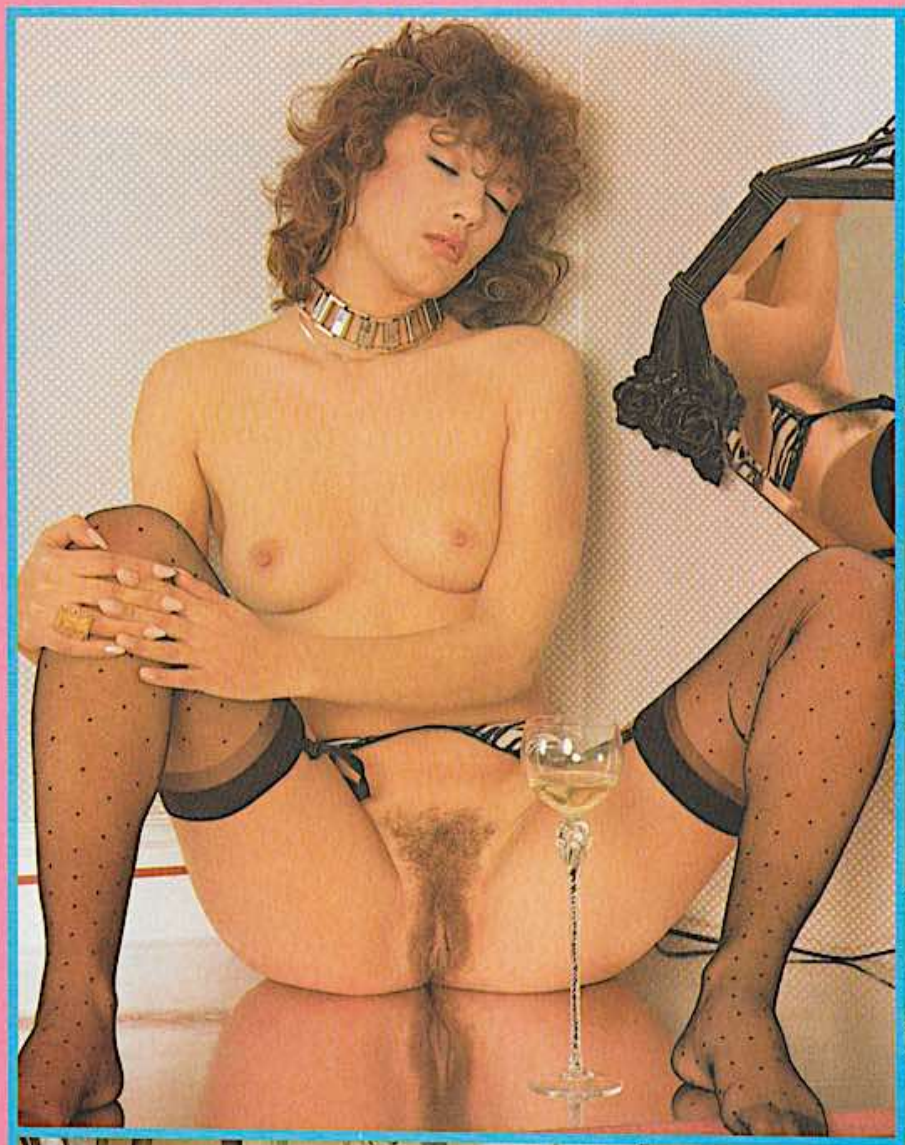
The really great thing about the Ténéré is its ability to get to places quickly without having to go up and down the gears all the time. On more highly-strung four-cylinder bikes, you'll need to change down maybe two gears to overtake. On the Ténéré, with its torquey single-cylinder engine, you don't change down at all (unless you've dropped below 40mph). It can easily pull away in second gear from a standstill. A friend of mine who had a go on the bike hit the nail on the head when he said: 'Cor, it's got plenty of grunt, innit?'

Plenty of grunt. Exactly.

It does vibrate, like any big single, but it only really becomes annoying under hard acceleration. And when you *are* travelling fast, the upright riding position means you have to hang on tight – there's no real escape from the wind blast. The Ténéré will do the ton, but

CAMILLA

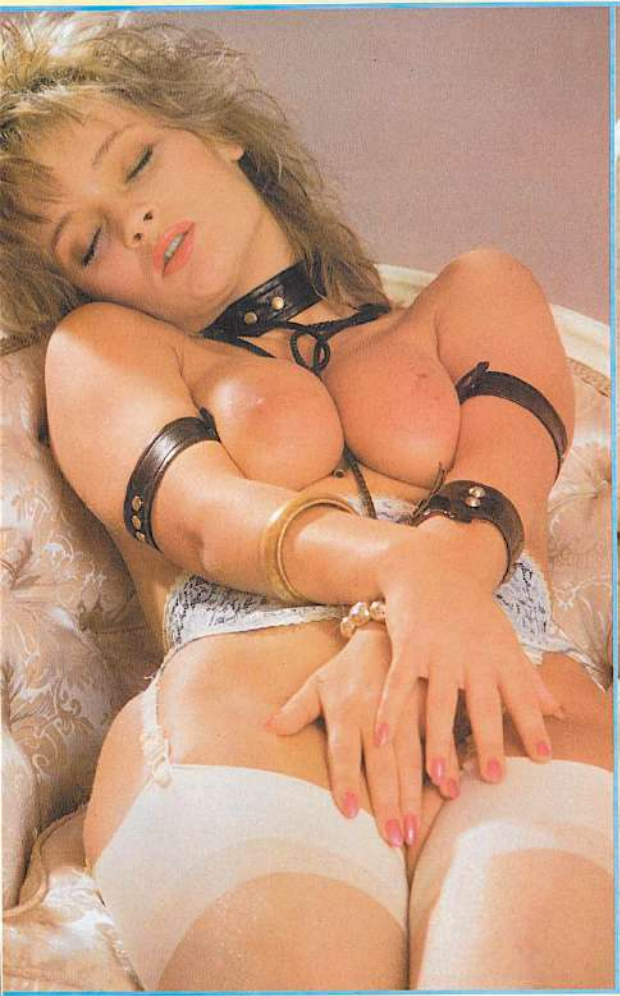
Photographs by Serge Jacques

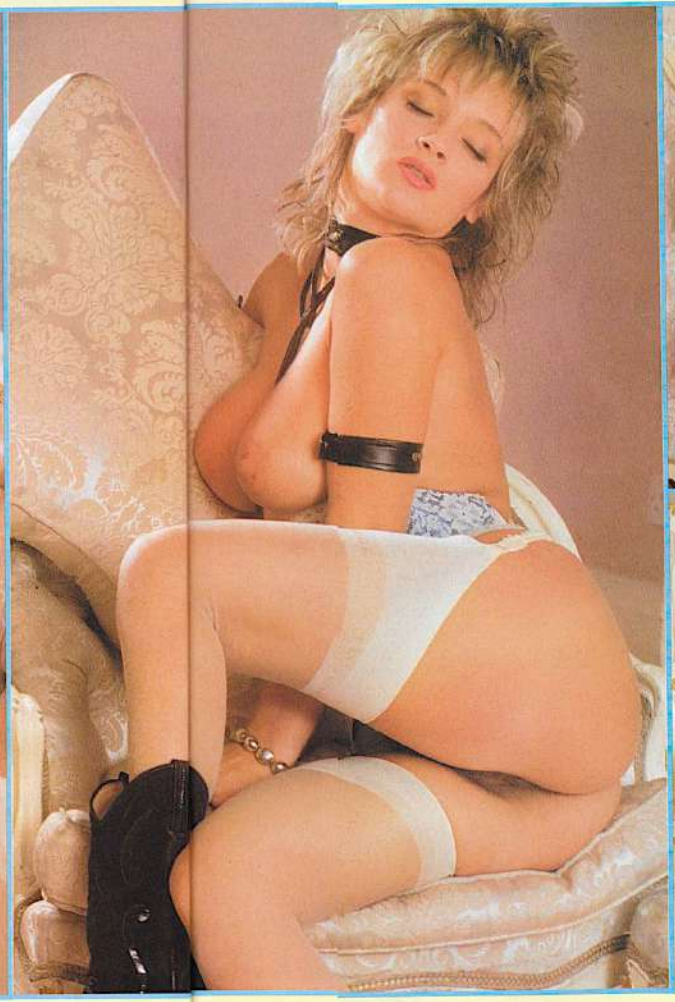


club

CINDY

Photographs by George Masters





Photographs by Serge Jacques

E M M A

club Event

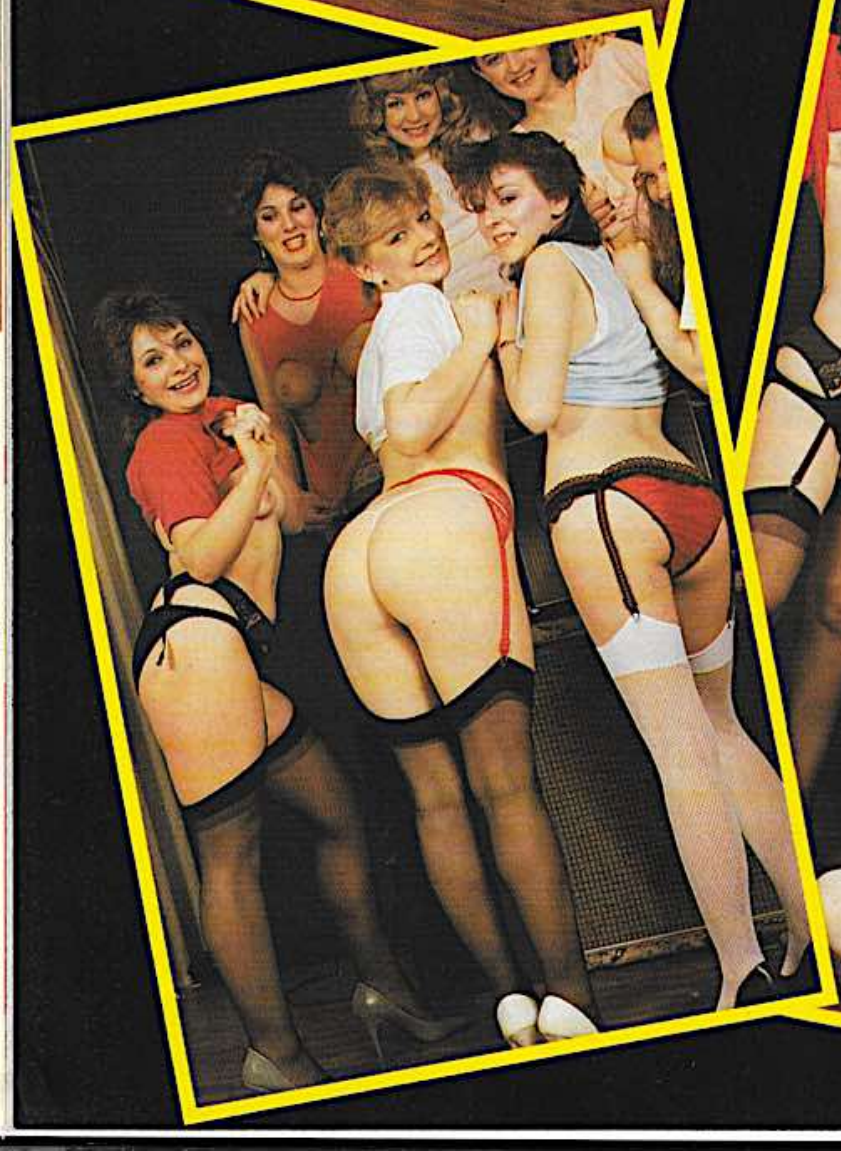
Our brief to the girls this month was short and to the point: 'Take a T-shirt from your wardrobe and cut holes in it so your boobs will stick out. Then bring it down to the studio and we'll see who has the nicest holes.' We never mince our words at Club International.

Helen (that's her with and without the pale green T-shirt) caught the eye, simply because her titties are, well, a bit on the *large* side. We were also rather taken with the somewhat irregular cut of Claire's turquoise garment.

But – and where would *Club Event* be without the word 'but'? – before we could deliberate further, the young ladies decided to show just a bit more than was intended and started flashing to the camera wearing not a lot. This meant the only holes on show had nothing to do with T-shirts. And so, yet another *Event* came unstuck.

As usual, however, we weren't complaining. A 'hole' lot of good it would have done us, anyway.

club Event



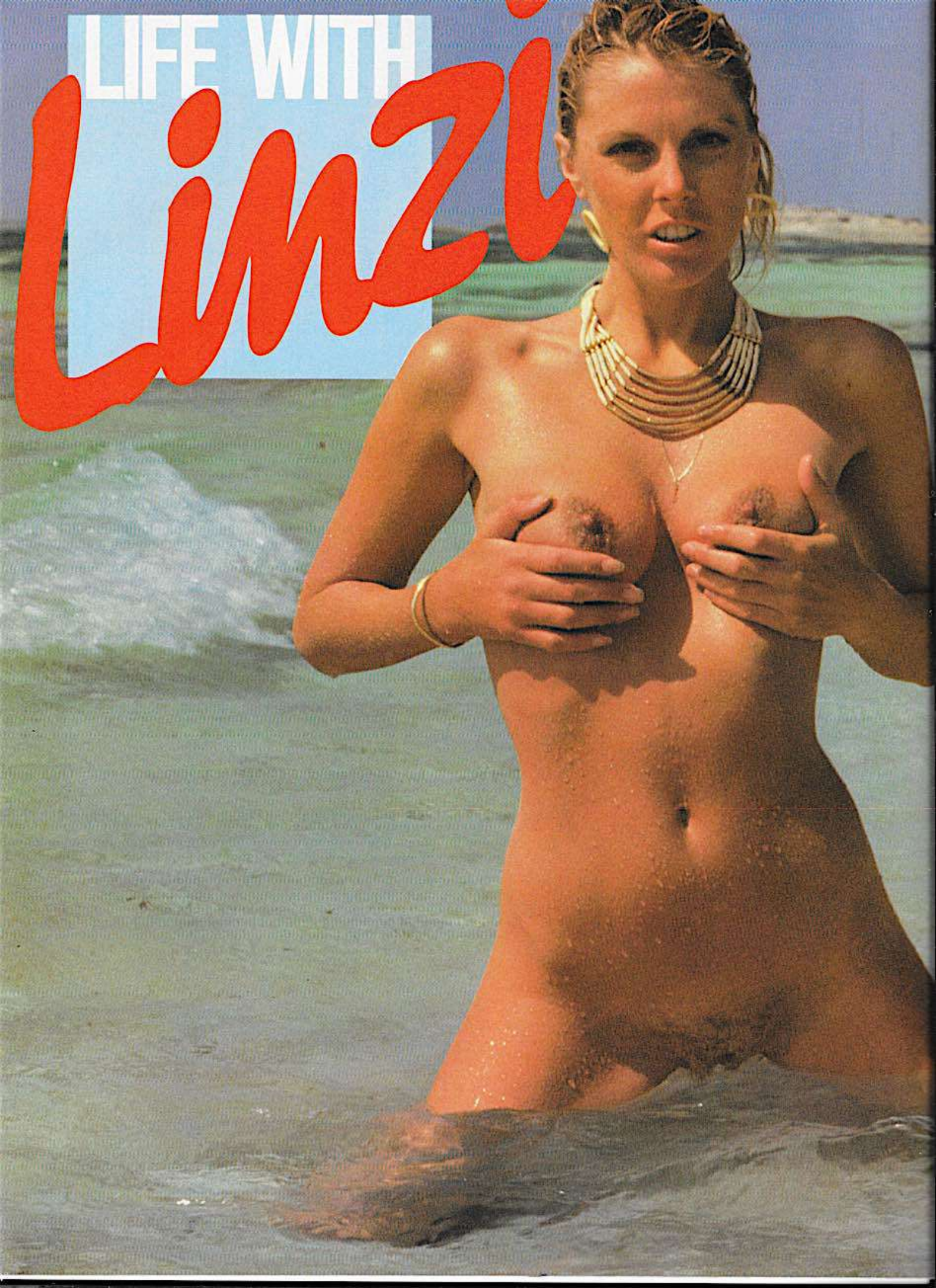
club Event

Got any fun events lined up in the near future? Then why not invite Club along to reel off a few spools? Send your invitations to Club Event, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

JULIETTE

Photographs by Colin James

LIFE WITH Linzi



LINZI DREW, probably the sexiest and most photographed model of all time, just happens to write exclusively for *Club International*. Aren't you lucky?

I could tell that my little summer vacation on the tiny, pretty Island of Formentera was going to be a great success the moment I walked into the loo at Ibiza airport. I was absolutely busting for a wee-wee, whilst queueing to rescue my luggage from those awful carousels, so I nipped off to the little girls room. Silly of me, I suppose, I must have got it completely wrong because I ended up in the little boys room, confronted by dozens of steaming willies. I was never very good with languages at school – that's my excuse and I'm sticking to it!

Geography wasn't my strong point either, but Formentera is a remote, delightful Island, 11 miles south of Ibiza. It's still relatively undiscovered by the British tourist – although it seemed to be a popular retreat for fun-seeking Germans. I found it a veritable haven for sun, sea, sand and – need I mention *it*?

I had decided to take a short break there merely because my flatmate, Lindsay Honey (very confusing!) and his brother Simon had booked themselves a villa in Formentera for a couple of weeks. They're both in the music business and wanted to get away from it all to do a bit of songwriting. I persuaded them to let me tag along, as I figured it might be an interesting place to visit, and acquire a nice tan. But really my ulterior motive was to find out if Simon had a monster-sized willy like his wonderfully well-endowed brother! Well, I had to wait a while to find out, so I'll keep you guessing on that score for a moment.

Nude beaches

In the meantime, I hired a cute little red jeep and set off to explore. My first stop was Illetas beach which is at the far North of the island. It is one of the only two official nude beaches on Formentera although nudity is widely tolerated and accepted on all of its beaches. It is one of those heavenly places where nobody gives a fuck whether you wear your swimsuit on your arse or your head. Not that I noticed any particularly strange head attire, mind you!

Anyway, it was on this delightful 'nude' beach that I met this lovely German hunk called Rudi. I was struggling out of a very tight pair of white shorts, whilst lying on the beach, which as you can imagine made it much more difficult. I realized that my lazy way of undressing must have looked quite comical – putting the entire weight of my body on my back and lifting my bum up as I wrestled with my shorts. I happened to glance up, grinning, and there was Rudi, who in actual fact was not 'Nudi'! He was dressed in black leather trousers and a black vest. He had long blond hair and a lovely cheeky grin, so I made an exception to the fact that he was fully dressed on a blazing hot day. Besides, I fancied him like mad!

Apart from the lone Formenteran barman and myself, the beach was totally deserted until Rudi and his merry men arrived. His merry men consisted of half a dozen or so other young guys, who ambled off up

LIFE WITH

Linzi

the beach, leaving Rudi and I sizing each other up. He came and sat down beside me, rabbiting on in German. I had managed to manoeuvre myself out of my shorts by this time, revealing my blonde pussy in all its glory, which Rudi seemed to have taken a distinct liking to. He bent over and gently kissed my belly button with his eyes fixed on mine. I smiled back at him, tousling his hair, which seemed to give him my seal of approval. We sort of managed to communicate orally (not like that yet!!) i.e. Rudi: 'Linzi – ein bier?' When I nodded, he set off to the bar to fill the order.

Champagne

He came back a few minutes later with two beers, a plastic container half full of ice with a bottle of delicious Spanish-type champagne and we proceeded to get slightly wrecked.

Champagne at lunchtime does wonders for me and it seemed to relax Rudi, who eventually peeled of all of his clothes – with just a modicum of help from yours truly! His willy had just a faint stirring of what I could see would be a delicious hard-on, which began to develop rapidly as he gently massaged suntan oil on to my titties. Our friendly bartender had nipped off for his daily siesta, leaving me and Rudi alone, feeling nice and randy. His massaging hands began to work their way down my body to my hot pussy. I rolled over so that he could do my back, arching it and lifting my pussy temptingly from the blanket. My

lips were wet and glistening and I soon felt a delightful tongue teasing my clit. We swivelled around into a 69 position, which was incredibly easy as we were both smothered in suntan oil. His tongue was right inside me now and his fingers were bringing me to an orgasm. Once I was back in the land of the living, I took his swollen cock head between my lips and ran my tongue around it, then slowly down each side to the bottom of his thick shaft. I began to suck his balls very gently as I wanked his cock up and down.

Dripping Wet

Rudi was very near to coming, so as a good fuck was what we both required, we curled up on our sides and he slid his cock into my dripping wet pussy.

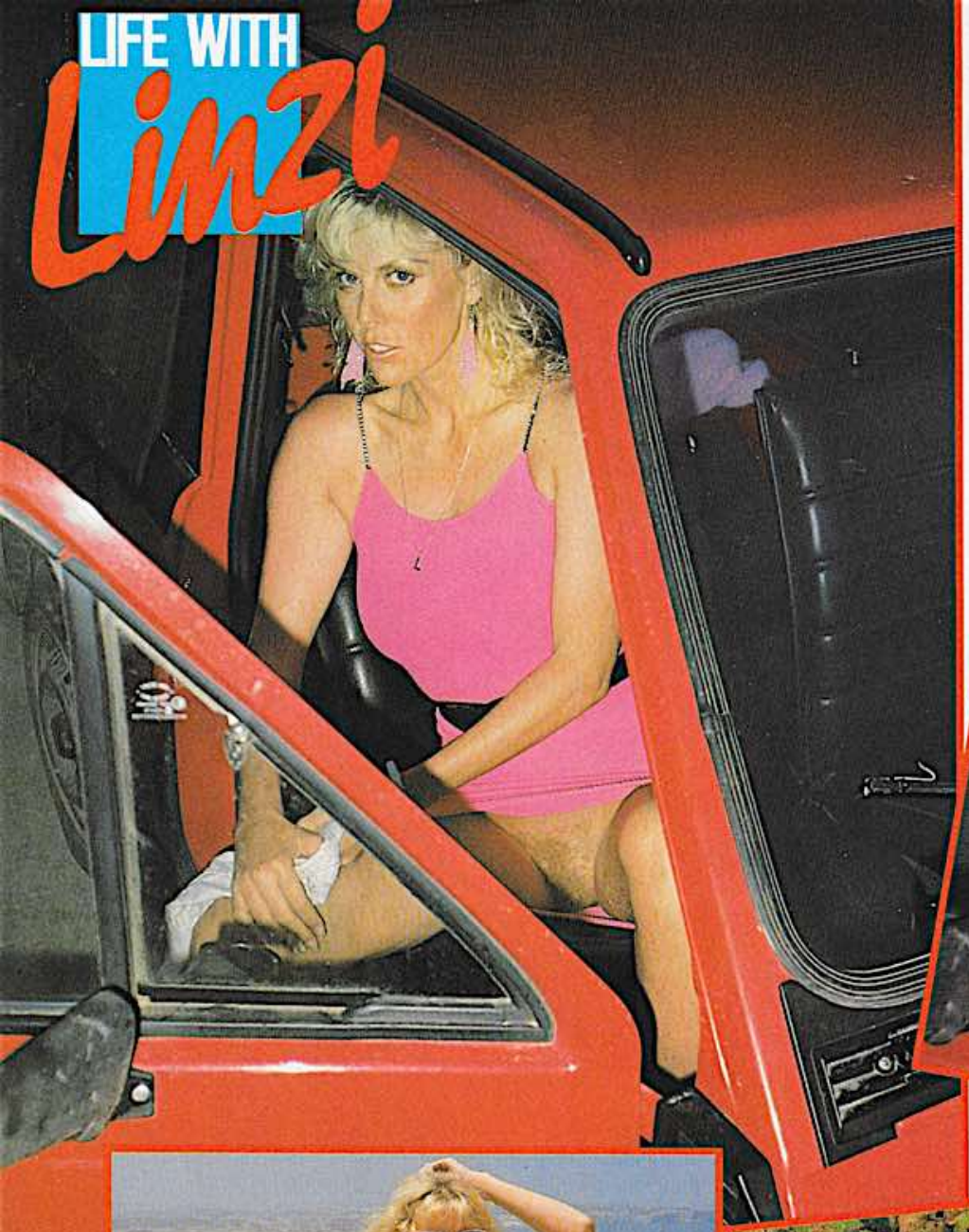
We fucked furiously, his lovely cock pumping away as he fingered my excited nipples. I was on my third orgasm when Rudi shot his warm creamy spunk into my saturated pussy. Delicious! Feeling like I was on cloud nine, we cuddled up, facing each other, and snogged away nicely.

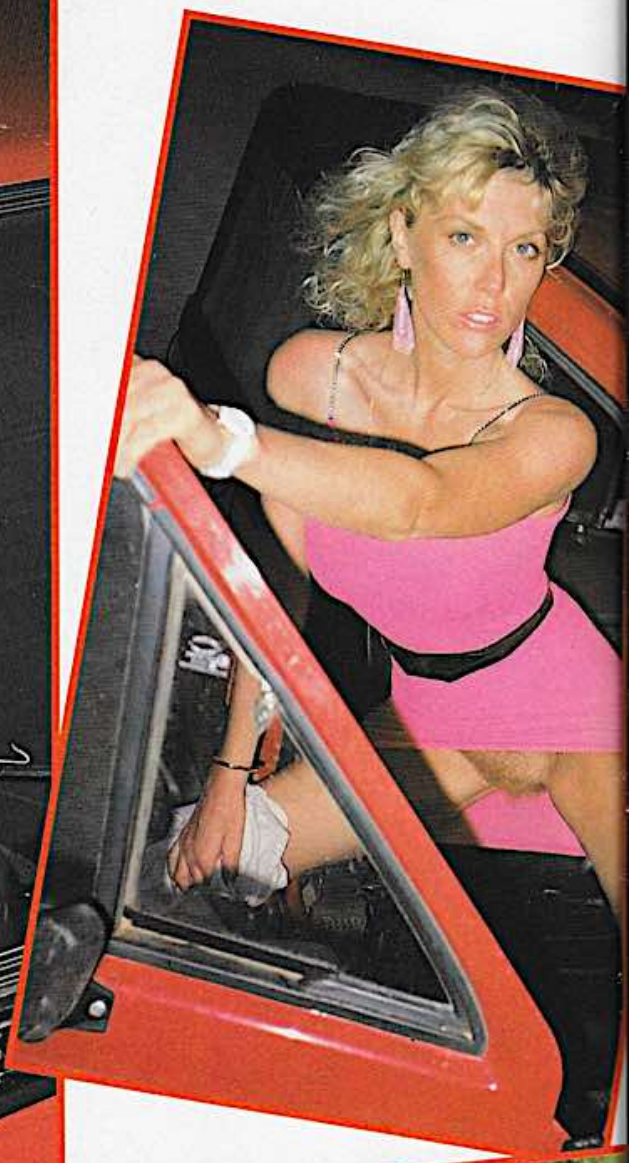
'Das ist gut, ja?' Rudi enquired, gasping for breath.

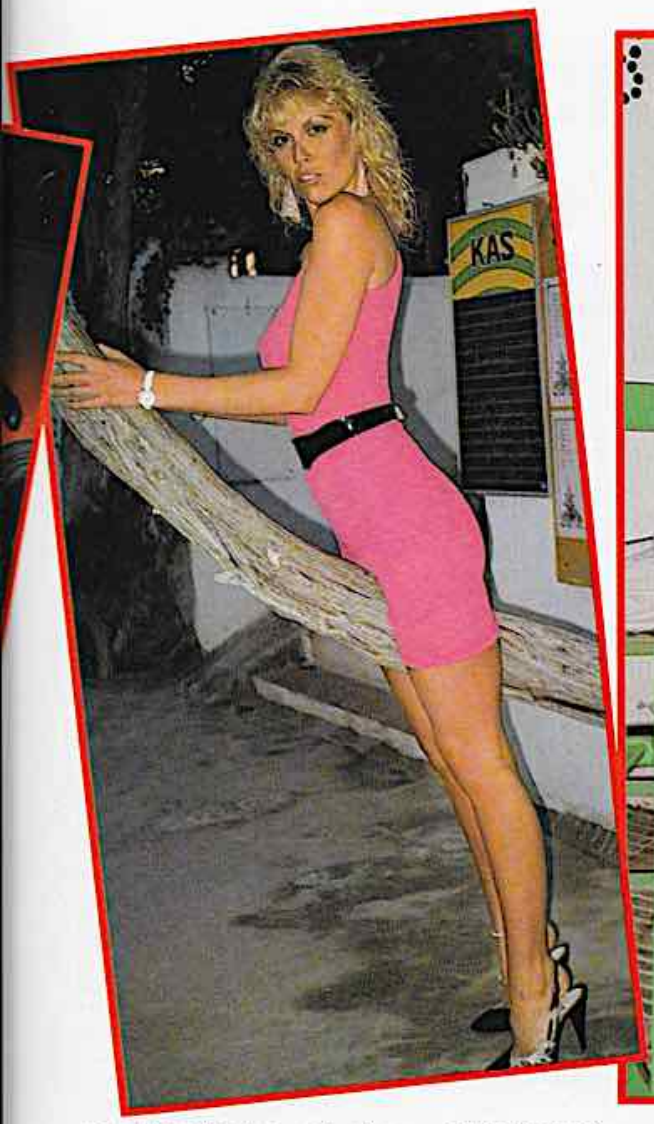
'Bloody lovely, darling!' I giggled, desperately searching for the German word for 'AGAIN!'

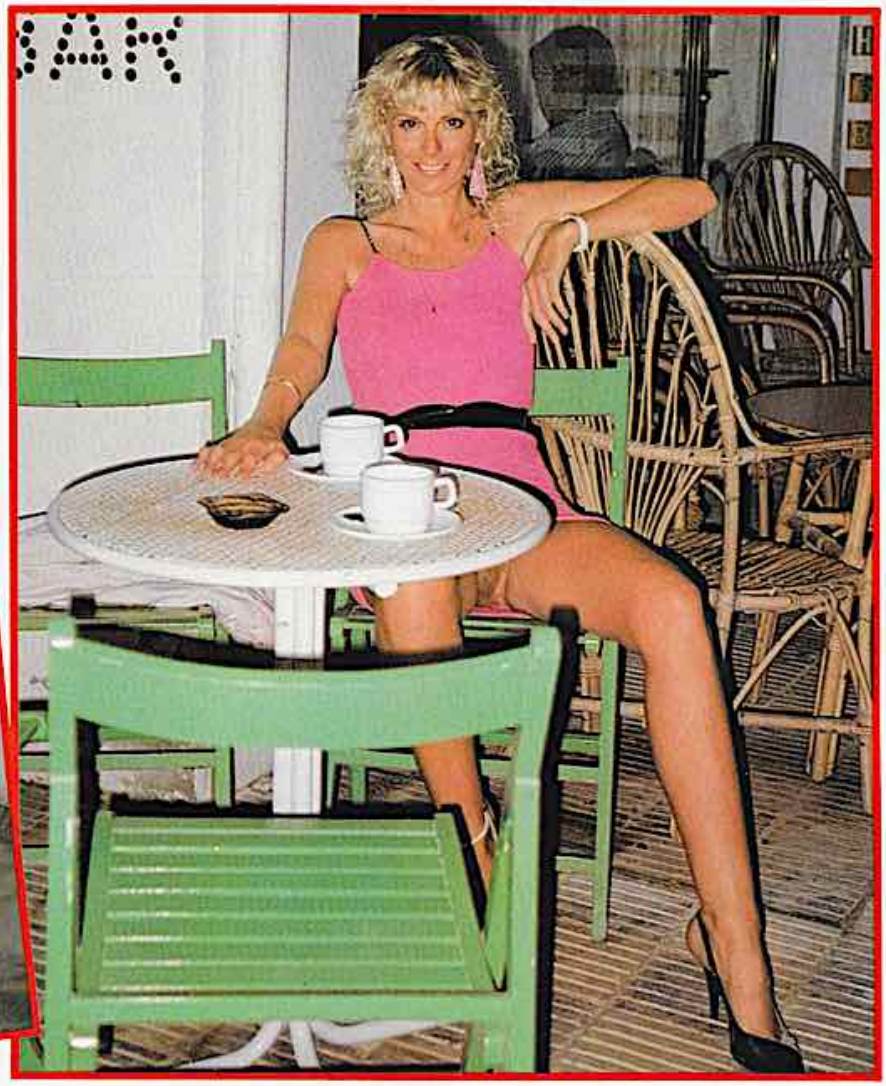
Although Rudi and I remained very rude friends for the rest of my stay, my next port of call was sexy Simon, whom I set out to snare and succeeded. Mind you, I'm not quite sure who did the snaring! Any-

LIFE WITH Linzi









way, after about a week of my hols, I had managed to get a nice all-over tan and Lindsay Honey suggested that we do a few photos for all you fellas back home.

Naughty Snaps

Sexy Simon wanted to come along for a little lookie-lookie, but as it turned out we all had a little nookie-nookie! We started off taking some naughty snaps around the villa, and Simon seemed quite impressed. Then we all bundled in the jeep and set off around the island, stopping at pretty locations en route. Each time, Simon avidly watched my clothes being peeled off and my legs spreading wider and wider.

After a hard day pussy-flashing we headed back home. We stopped in town and Simon got out of the jeep to get some wine, leaving me alone with my old buddy Lindsay.

'He'd like us to all have a scene tonight, you know,' Lindsay said excitedly. I couldn't help but snigger because thinking about it, whilst sexy Simon sneaked off all embarrassed, made me laugh.

'Let's go for it, eh?' I shouted as Simon sat back in the car, and off we all went, randy as hell!

Simon was very quick to lose his shyness. As soon as we were back at the villa he invited me to join him in the shower. His cock looked lovely and big as he pressed it against me under the warm water. He began to bite and suck my swollen nipples, his hard cock feeling great against my tummy. It felt enormous and, happily, when I looked down, it was! I persuaded him to adjourn to the bedroom as I assured him he was far too big for me to take standing up. I wanted to take this monster lying down first, but he insisted on bending me over the bed and ramming his huge stiff cock deep inside me.

The sheer thought of being fucked by two men with such wonderful weapons made me come at the first thrust. Simon seemed to be having a good time too! I opened my eyes and there was Lindsay standing with his playful plonker in his hand, whilst he watched his brother fuck me. I reached out and held his cock, wanking it up and down whilst being deliciously fucked doggy-style. Lindsay climbed on to the bed so that I was able to take his cock in my mouth and I sucked it deep in my throat. Simon began to come noisily, shooting his hot spunk across my back. He collapsed on the bed and we moved around to join him, yours truly in the middle. I took a cock in each hand (I told you I was ambidextrous, didn't I?) and started to wank these lovely big willies both at once. I wanted to get my hot lips around them, so I knelt up and began to alternate between the two. Gobble, gobble, yum yum!!

Marvellous Monster

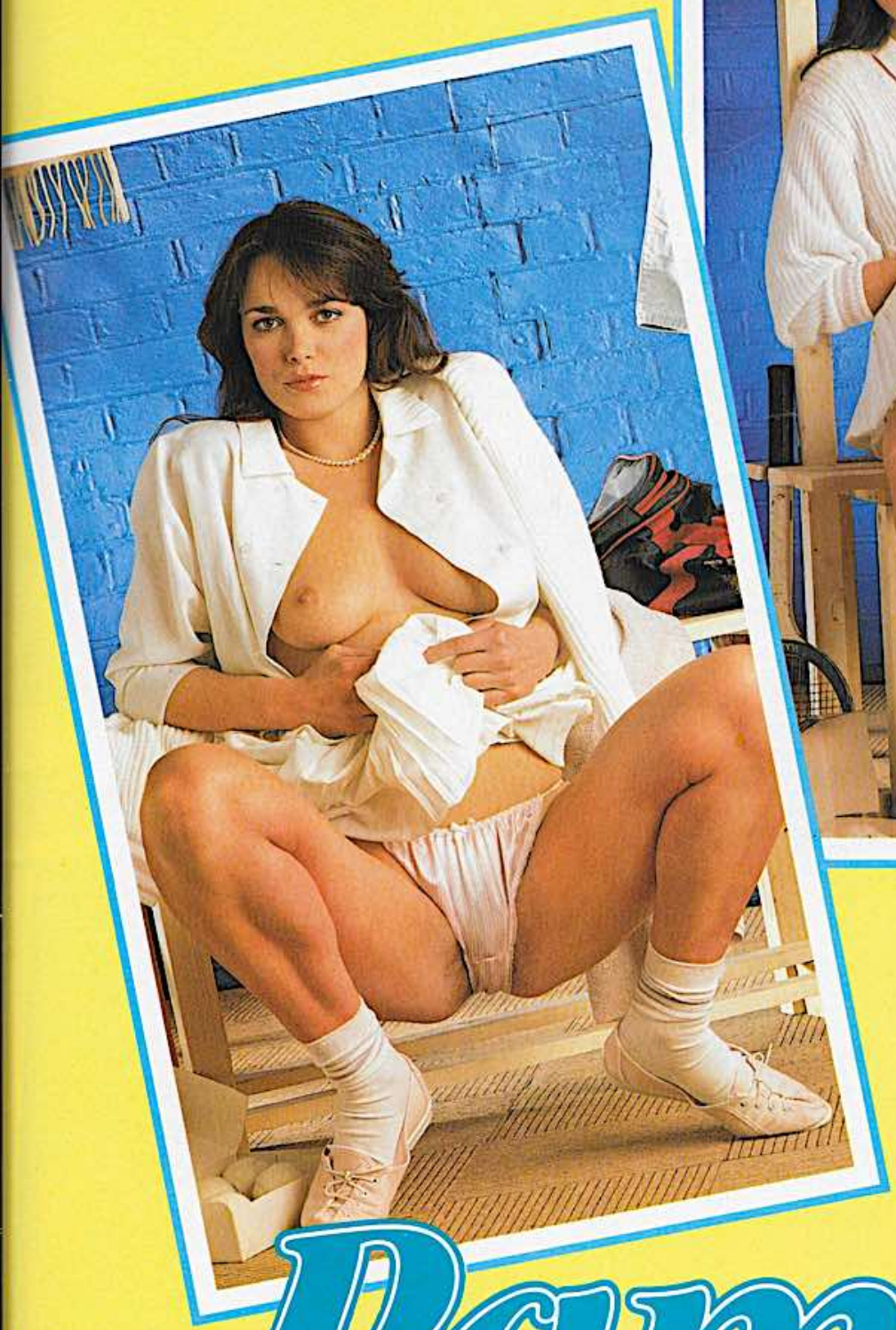
Simon's cock was still not fully hard but Lindsay was gasping for a fuck, so I straddled him, easing his marvellous monster into my eager pussy and rode him vigorously. Once again sexy Simon seemed ready to take over as Lindsay sent a warm jet of spunk inside me. I really didn't know if I was coming or going! But delightfully we did keep on 'going' for most of the long hot night!

I could hardly walk the next morning. Serves me right. I wouldn't let either of those randy buggers near me – well at least not until after lunch!

Mind you, I had to squeeze in a little of the local Formenteran talent before I left. My Spanish piece of the action came in the form of a waiter called Paco, whom I met in a Chinese restaurant, of all places. He had a small but very well-trained pumping penis and a lovely little bottom. He certainly made my last night go with a bang!

Back at home, bashing away on my little typewriter, confessing all my naughty antics to you randy lot has kind of put me in the mood all over again. As it's such a nice sunny day in London I think I'd better nip out and see if I can find someone hunky to keep me amused! I'll tell you all about it next month, fellas, so till then be good. That is unless it's you I come across!

Linzi



Pamela

Photographs by Geoff Howes